Fisher College presents

The Charles Viewer

2022

Dear Fisher Students, Faculty, and Staff,

We here at the Charles Viewer would like to thank everyone who submitted their works of art, whether that be a written piece or a visual component.

Many different perspectives and languages came together to create these amazing pieces, and we thank you for helping us share that language.

This year there seems to be a recurring theme of slices of life, and how those small slices can be both wonderful and terrifying.

We are so happy that we are able to freeze these moments in a published piece of work that we can look back on in the future. We hope that through these works of arts, you are able to see the talent of our student body, and how they are able to transform their feelings into amazing art. Each piece included is full of emotions, and we hope through reading these you will be immersed in an unforgettable atmosphere created by our talented peers and friends.

We'd like to thank Steven Rich, President of Fisher College; Janet Kuser, Vice President of Academic Affairs; and Amanda Matarese, Director of Advancement and Alumni Engagement, for believing in us, and helping us make this a reality.

We would also like to thank our faculty adviser, Dr. Stephen Lento, for his passion and perseverance.

And of course we would not be able to accomplish this without all the teachers, mentors, and parents who inspire and encourage us to be creative no matter what the circumstances.

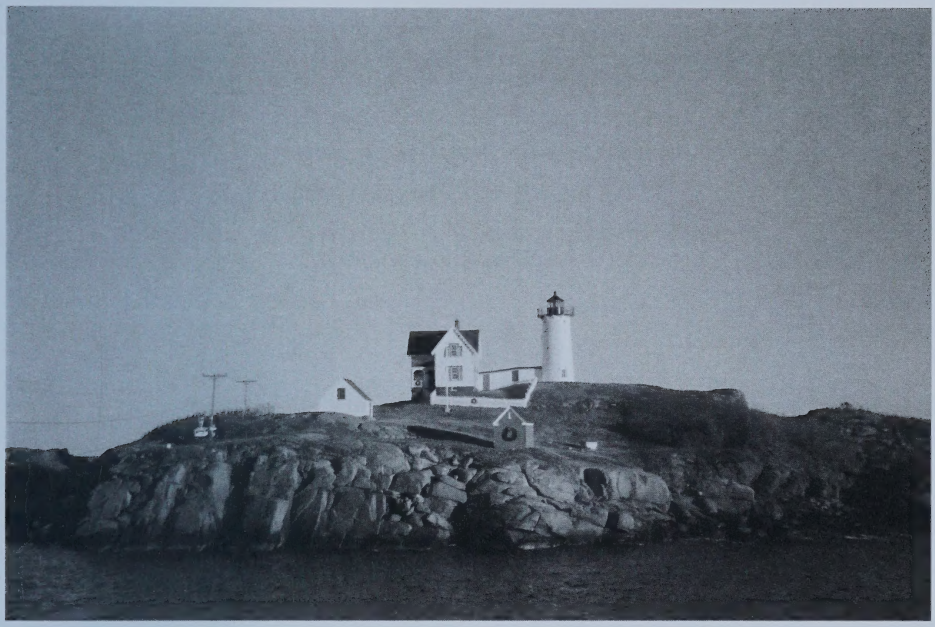
Sincerely,

The Charles Viewer Editorial Staff,

Catalina "CJ" Matos, Student Editor

Sandy Sossoadouno, Student Editor

Dr. Stephen Lento, Faculty adviser



Photograph by CJ Matos

Waves

By Austin Dabney

I look for you
in mirrors. Tall ones that hang stale along my walls.
My moonstone eyes trace the baseboards between eyelashes
hoping to meet those deep-sea, ribbony eyes.
A portrait speaks into the dusty air,
whispering your name like church mice into the floorboards.
Maybe you're just around the corner.
I'm caught staring into only a blank.
The kind in hollow bones or empty vases; unmatched & woeful.

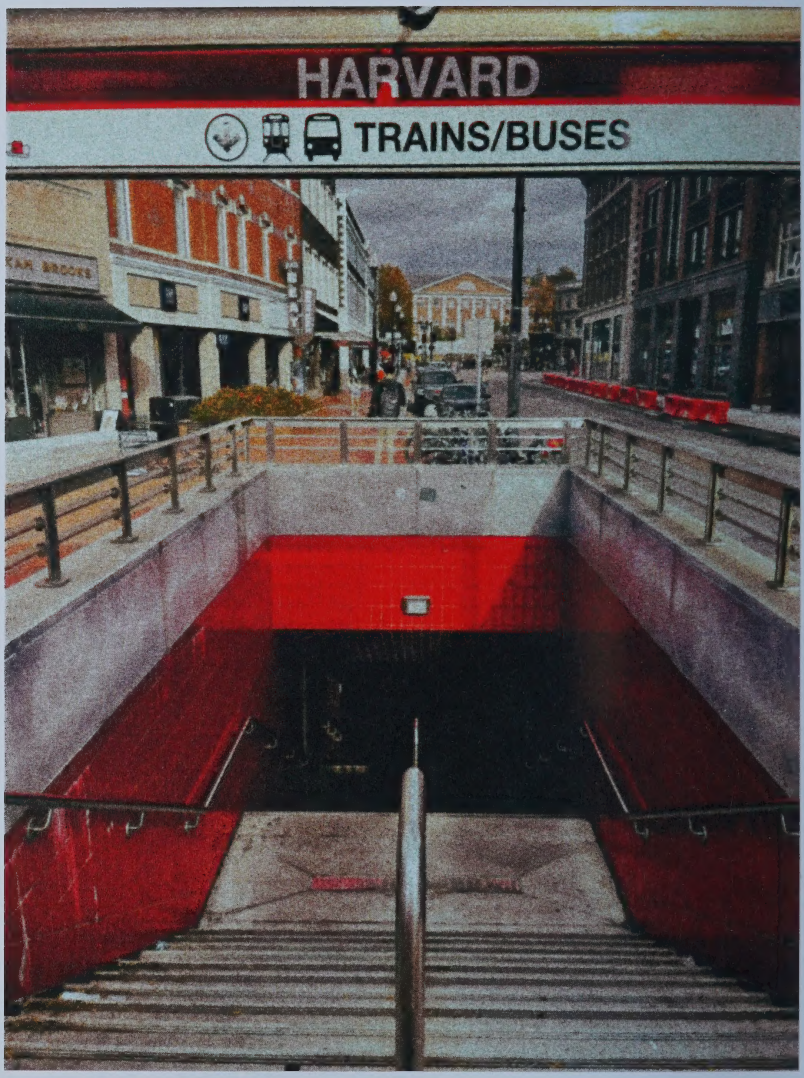
I look for you
in the trees. Soulful swing-skipping from branch to branch
and lonesome starlit meanderings are a new routine.
We tied streamers to new leaves, the green haughty shoots of springtime.
They pick and poke the air searching for you.
Brooding beating drums of the woodland spirits
reverb the trillings of a far away sequoia.
Betwixt the cherry blossoms and stately pines,
Are you there, love?

I look for you
in birdsong. Their chipper-dippings in water-basins.
Your tip-tapped walkings are their candied melodies.
Ones I hear in the kitchen, every now and then.
The snores you pinch under the blankets, by a window,
are the sung-low bellows of an owl on a lamppost.
Soon he'll fly away and say *listen to us sing and hear about his day!*

I look for you
in the wind. The swarm of breath fluffs my hair and shuts my eyes.
Behind my elbows, beneath my shoulders, proving sturdy and newfound,
ready for a pilgrimage amongst the cosmos -- my wings.
I soar, out of orbit, bouncing between diamonds.
The stars sparkle and gleam. They utter *his beauty is nothing like ours.*
But fear not, they envy you.

Look for me
in the echo's. If all else fails, look to the moon:
rest your gaze upon my eyes.

Photograph by CJ Matos



Photograph by Antonio Garcia

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Photograph by Antonio Garcia

Photograph by Antonio Garcia

Painting by Keira Rosenbaum

Painting by Keira Rosenbaum

If I Was Ever Alone

if I was ever alone,
it was not just me
it was him too, out there, somewhere…

like walking through a surrounding white fog with a lantern, twisting left and right with your neck
all wrung out
all of the time.

By Austin Dabney

Painting by Michael Molaire

Painting by Aaron Chen

Painting by Kathryn Capo

Unsalted Peanuts by Austin Dabney

100 from the breakfast bar
100 from the coffee
100 from coffee number two
Not bad, not bad.
What can I have now?
I have some unsalted peanuts in the pantry.
Let me see.
Yeah, they're here.
Okay.
This label's not right.
Let me look it up.
Okay so if it's that amount of calories for fifteen shelled peanuts, that's thirty regular peanuts. Pretty filling anyway.
This is kind of a lot.
Oh, these are good.
Taste. a solid seven.
Texture. about a four.
Feeling. two point five.
Healthiness? These are good for you.
A lot of fat, though.

Good thing I got them without the salt, though. Always too much.
They have an almost oily feeling in the aftertaste.
They keep in the corners of my cavities.
When I cough, little bits come out.
They give me canker sores.
They remind me of those chocolate chip cookies I used to eat with Grammy. I wonder if that taste will stay after
(Anyway)
Yeah, these are pretty good.
Oh my god, look at that, this one's huge (gotta throw this one away).
That's funny, reminds me of George (pour one out for the guy).
Alright what's the damage?
161 for the peanuts.
See? So easy, just like that
A, B, C, tick, tack, toe, 1.2.3...

Painting by Matalyn Brown

Vocabulary Words for 2021 by Austin Dabney

Nightmarish

Cantakerous

Frenzy

Erupt

Braggadocio

Comeuppance

Frugality

Hunger

Remedy

Therein

Quintessential

Universe

Magnificence

Unstoppable/Irrevocable

Parentheticals

Nothing

Unsatisfied

Buffer

Strange

Black

Velocity

Jazz

Alright

Henry

Untitled Poem by Carmela Sazera

i love hands

i've always loved hands

when i was little i used to study my Granny's veiny hands they were so gentle and sweet

it was almost as if i could see the 84 years of love she put into her family, into her home, and into the

world

i think i have my Dad's hands

but wear a lot of rings and bracelets just like my Mom

and i try to use my hands to gesture love like she so effortlessly does

when i did ballet my eyes would follow every fluid movement my hands made

as if they were my most expressive asset leading me through each class and performance

as my ballet teacher approached her 80s she rarely wasted a breath to stand and teach

instead she sat and taught

instructing lessons of quality through a microphone

she couldn't demonstrate moves

but she never failed to demonstrate hand motions

she had beautifully aged hands

her fingernails always painted with vibrant pinks

recently i got to hold her hands
instead of reading "Magda Aunon School of Classical Ballet" on her studio building
i read her name on a tattered wristband
"Magda Aunon 24E"

her breathing shallow and wheezy
nurses in and out
taking oxygen, blood pressure, temperature
all the while Adolphe Adam's Giselle played in the background

an ambulance was called
and they took her away
that was my goodbye

Painting by Helton Brandao

Prologue: 2021, Morning

By Austin Dabney

I tussle in sweaty creases and sheets over to the phone on the nightstand. I tap on the screen and it

says six something, but I don't even bother. Nightmares make the best alarm clocks. Built-in, with a jolt

of lightning, fantastical. Wet and gross, I carry my legs out of bed and into the shower, leaving the queen

bed unmade. It all happened in a bed, this same one actually. On grey cotton sheets that he picked out at

Walmart. He had similar ones growing up and assured me that they were really comfortable. He was right.

Is. I'm usually a night showerer. Can always clean yourself again.

I see him there. Saw myself too this time, I swear. But I can't say that I saw us. Won't.

In the bathroom there's not much. It's functional. A toilet, a sink, a shower, a showerhead, body

wash, shampoo and conditioner, washcloth, towel, running water. I use them until I don't need them

anymore. They go back to the place where I found them; screwed righty tighty, placed on a ledge, hung

on a wall. Mirror too. Don't get around looking into it until after it's faded over with steam, though.

It's been machine-like. Once I'm dressed I put on some deodorant, four swipes under each arm.

Spritz *Parfum de Nuit* once on each side of the neck, once on the left wrist that I rub onto the right. Swipe

the right wrist across the neck to rub it in, right to left, rub the rest on the chest for good luck. I do it right

on the sternum where the fist fits perfectly. Every time. I put on the clothes I had laid out the night before.

Black jeans, a white undershirt, and Hayden's grey hoodie that says "Pabst Blue Ribbon" across the front.

I grab a pair of socks out of the drawer, though. Feet feel better warm.

I make the bed, smoothing the duvet over the sweaty sheets. I fluff the pillows, two of them, rest

them so they lean against the headboard just so. I open the window next to the bed. I can hear the honking

and the birds. Boston's like New York, never sleeps, always making noise. I sit on the bed, right side like

always, legs straight out infront, ankles crossed, palms rested where they land.

I breathe. I sit by the phone. I wait.

This is my routine every morning.

Well, was.

Photograph by Antonio Garcia

Photograph by Antonio Garcia

Mirror Self.

You wake up my inner demons
Creating fear, only faced
In times of treason.

I can't fight you
I can't kill you
Only accept you.

An allie

Mirror Self.

Text and Image by Sandy Sossoadouno

I Call It the Bench

I seat alone
With my Demons
Facing me

A session
Of self therapy,

I can easily Be

It gives me balance
When I reach the many
High lands

A place of change
Only faced by a true
Man

I fix the self, leaving
This world to be in hell

Fearless of what
Might bell

Text and Image by Sandy Sossoadouno

I make peace,
Reaching
The many lengths
That's truly felt.

Still Love You

By Austin Dabney

I still love you,
but I have nothing to do with you
Forgive me,
I am a not an artist
I do everything interesting,
but not what I love.

Photograph by CJ Matos

Photograph and poem by Sandy Sossoadouno

21

I became a writer
With some flavor

Sauce ordered
Through a process
I call mixture

A unique way of saying
I found my laughter

Thankful for the many
L's
I learned my lesson

I've changed my perspective
I became a genius

I stopped reacting and I just
Lived it

My mistakes are my
Prize possession
I like not being perfect

It sounds pleasant
To my 20's

Learning my lessons

Painting by Livia Tyler